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RAMPARTS OF FORT PUTNAM. - JOHN S. DAVIS.

CHARLES CHAPLIN.

"THE De Musset of painting—the painter *par excellence* of youth," are terms which have been applied to Charles Chaplin, a popular French artist, who has long been before the public, and whose works are always welcome on both sides of the Atlantic. Readers of THE ALDINE are already familiar with his pictures, having had, in previous numbers, "The Broken Lyre," and "Haidée," from Byron's "Don Juan," exhibited at the Paris Salon of 1873. This picture had the beauty, the freshness and archness of youth. The best portrait exhibited in the Salon of that year was by this artist. The lady, not in her first youth, was painted largely and vigorously. The artist succeeded in giving to his subject a subtle expression. The portrait seemed to think, if it did not breathe. There is much beauty and quiet sentiment in the picture of "Innocence," after Chaplin, on our first page. The oval, plump, thoughtful face, with downcast eyes, contemplating, as in a reverie of happy dreams, the fluttering dove perched upon the arm; the simple and graceful *coiffure*; the dress which has slipped from the shoulder, revealing a well-rounded arm and ample bust, proclaim the artist a master in his chosen branch of the profession. A small picture, entitled "Prayer," 6 inches by 4, in the John Taylor Johnston collection, by Chaplin, sold for \$390. At the Chicago Exhibition, held during the summer of 1878, a fine work by Chaplin, belonging to the White estate, was to be seen in the art gallery, much commended for its extreme delicacy in conception, refinement in color and grace in treatment. It was called the "Little Coquette." Mr. Charles Chaplin was born in the small town of Les Andelys, France, in the Department of Eure, near the Seine, and became a pupil of M. Drölling. His residence is now in Paris. The French Salon gave him medals in 1851, 1857 and 1865, and he has been decorated with the Legion of Honor.

THE RAMPARTS OF FORT PUTNAM.

THERE are two famous pathways in this country, much sought by lovers and admirers of the beautiful, when the evenings are cool, and the golden moon sheds a mellow and soft light over the landscape. One of these threads the grand old woods of Goat Island, at Niagara Falls, taking the happy saunterers from the American Fall to the islands of the Three Sisters, and the overwhelming view of the Horse-Shoe Fall; the other leads along the ramparts of old Fort Putnam, at West Point, through a surprisingly beautiful growth of trees, in the midst of the most enchanting scenery on the Hudson River. A thousand memories of the great and heroic past come to the mind, as well as all the tender recollections of the present, while walking slowly along the earthworks of this ruined Revolutionary fortification. The goddess of love has supplanted the god of war; where once only cannon pointed toward the river, and the gleam of the bayonet was seen in the moonlight, now the green grass springs tenderly up, the beautiful trees grow from the soil and hide the scars made by war; the shadows of waving limbs cast by pale Luna are the only hints of moving sentinels; the chirping of the cricket, or the scolding of the katydid in the thicket, the only music which falls upon the ear, causing no dread alarm.

The pathway, exquisitely and beautifully shown by the artist in the picture, is known at West Point as "Flirtation Walk;" so called, perhaps, because a favorite with the cadets and their lady friends. It leads from the great plateau, in front of the Military Academy, through a deep growth of trees, on toward the Hudson, a glimpse of which is seen in the picture. The summer visitor at this resort needs but to walk a few yards from the piazza of the hotel to enter this path, at the beginning of which will be found a large number of cannon of all sizes, captured from the English, Mexicans and other nations, and arranged in rows on the turf. The fortifications at West Point were begun early in 1778 under the supervision of General Putnam, with Lieutenant-Colonel Radière as engineer. The object of these was for the purpose of obstructing the navigation of the Hudson, to prevent the British, then in New York, from obtaining control of the river. From this time forward great exertions were made to complete and strengthen the works. The Polish hero, Kosciusko, relieved Radière as engineer, March 26, 1778. At the time of

Arnold's treason in 1780 these works, though unfinished, had cost more than two years' labor of the army and three millions of dollars. The fortifications were never completed, although work upon them was continued until 1794. The principal of these were Fort Putnam, commanding the plateau and the other works; Forts Webb, Wyllis and Meigs, and Fort Collins at the north-east angle of the plateau. To the command of this important post some of the most distinguished officers were at different times assigned; among whom were Generals Clinton, Putnam, Parsons, McDougall, Heath, Howe, Greene and Knox. Washington made his headquarters here in 1799; and, with Lafayette and other officers, often visited the place. Arnold took command, August 5, 1780, and fled on the 25th of the next month, upon hearing of the capture of André! Fort Putnam, though in ruins, still looks down upon the river and plain beneath; and from "Flirtation Walk" may be had an extensive view of this most interesting locality. The statue of General Sedgwick is not far from the beginning of this path, and a short way across the vale the cemetery can be reached where sleep General Scott, General Anderson, General Custer and other heroes. Placed in the midst of the most attractive scenery in America, comparatively isolated from all the world, hallowed by the footsteps of the heroes of the Revolution, associated with the most stirring events in our national history, surrounded by mementoes of the heroic past, lovely beyond description, and as romantic as the heart of the most ardent lover could wish, the pathway on the ramparts of old Fort Putnam is without a peer.

ART TALKS FROM ABROAD.

THE strongest piece of painting of its kind, in the United States Art Department at the Paris Exhibition, is a landscape by C. Dubois. American landscape painters might study to advantage his vigorous drawing and brushing of foliage. The proof of our assertion lies in the fact that his works find ready sale in Europe, which is evidence of power when such competitors as Whalberg, Francais, Pelouse, Jappy, Guillemet, etc., are one's antagonists in the lists for fame. But his is entirely European art. Of the American school, and one of its best talents, is Jervis McEntee, whose fine picture might have been much better hung. The remarkable tone that McEntee possesses, in common with Boughton, a something akin to sadness, runs through all his works. A little *allegretto* movement now and then would not come amiss, provided always they are rendered with the same sentiment and skill. The figures in this are unfortunately placed and too large. McEntee is one of the few, the very few, painters of America who understand the pigments they employ; and he possesses that highly prized quality in painting, an exquisite appreciation of the grays in nature. He will always be one of the most sought for of the American school of landscape painters. A picture by him, hung between two of any others of our painters—with scarcely an exception—will make those two look crude and unnatural. The same can be remarked in Boughton's pictures in the English section; they attract the eye immediately by their exquisite scale of tones in gray. One or two by Samuel Coleman are attractive for an opposite virtue, that of brilliancy of color; we do not mean crudeness, but a well-felt brilliancy; they lack air—which, by the bye, was one of the qualities we used to attribute to Mr. Coleman. It may be just probable that that artist paints too much in his studio; or it may be that our eyes have become accustomed to the illusive atmospheric effects of some of the European painters, who rightly consider the just effect of nature, be it morning, midday or evening, the pre-eminent point to be gained—detail in masses, if at all. They present the soul of a landscape; which grand poetic truth is entirely lacking in the picture by A. T. Richards, which is a weary monotony of the same touch for leaves; the same forms for groups; the same color throughout. There is not one touch of true color, nor one square inch of breathing space; we prefer photography. There is credit in painting detail like Koeck-Koeck or M. Rousseau—it is nature. We hope Mr. Richards will not take umbrage at our remarks, they are kindly meant. Not one person looks upon the picture but leaves it with looks of mingled wonder for the patience displayed; pity for the time lost; disgust for the kind or style of work. There are many artists of first

merit who are not represented at all, who belong to the Academy; and many of the young school are not represented upon an occasion when it should be expected of them to do their utmost. A fuller notice of the works will be given in future articles; and, if we see that our opinions have been too hastily expressed, we shall cheerfully unsay the apparently harsh words said; but we are not of those who consider pictures as Chinese puzzles—the longer it takes to unravel their meaning and discover their beauties the greater they are! Such works are works of patience only; the highest flights of the painter's art in that direction being annihilated forever by the model of the city of Orleans wherein every house edifice, every turn of the smallest street, the balconies, every detail, in fact, is scrupulously produced. The labor of more than thirty years is certainly a work of patience, entitling it to a position among works of art, if such works may be called art. In passing from the Commissioner-General's office, one's eyes are struck by the extent of space occupied by one photographer of New York. They are skillful, good photographs, but there is displayed *trop de chic*; and there seems to be many of the same pose as though expressly to occupy space. We remarked the fact to the Assistant Commissioner, who excused it by saying, "The plan of the place had been shown to the photographer in New York; he asked for, and received the space desired." Let us say he was fortunate in that he occupies nearly all of it. But the Assistant Commissioner upon another occasion, when excusing the neglect of duty, forgot all about the plan and said the Commission did not know, until too late, the space they were to occupy or have at their disposal. Is it possible that the space which was supposed to be free—as it justly was the intention it should be—has been bought and sold? We are not grumblers; but we do love fair play and—honesty!

—Outremer.

FRENCH ART.

OUT of the 5,864 exhibits contributed by the thirty nations represented in the art department of the Paris Exhibition, France heads the list with 2,071, of which 861 take rank in the first class as oil paintings. This display, taken in connection with the usual annual exhibition of the Salon, and the exhibition of modern masters in the Rue Laffitte, is probably the largest and most brilliant ever made by France, and leads the world. The French pictures at our Philadelphia Exhibition, in 1876, were very limited and unequal. There were no canvases of Jean François Millet, Théodore Rousseau, Charles François Daubigny—although his son and pupil was represented—Corot, Baudry, Laurens and Meissonier. To represent it truly French art needs all these. True, there are no pictures in the Paris Exhibition by Millet and Rousseau, but examples of those masters can be seen in the Louvre and the Luxembourg, and in the gallery in the Rue Laffitte, where there are sixty-one pictures by Millet and twenty by Rousseau. Regret has been expressed that France did not make, at Philadelphia, the same effort that the English carried out so successfully; and that the public of the American cities, who know Gérôme and Bouguereau a great deal better than they know the real masters of the school, should not have had a little lesson in modern French painting. Ingres, who died in 1867; Delaroche, who died in 1856; Decamps, who died in 1860; Delacroix, whose death occurred in 1863, all great French artists, were also wholly unrepresented at Philadelphia.

Many artists, well known and much admired in this country, have no pictures at the Paris Exhibition. Diaz, Boutibonne, Dupré, Jacques, Couture, Edouard Frere, Baugniet, Decamps, Leyendecker and Cholminski, for some occult reason, have been excluded, or they failed to seek admission for their works. But France is so rich in portrait, figure, landscape, battle, historical, *genre*, animal and religious painters, the absence of a dozen or more celebrated artists from her great Exhibition is hardly noticed. With Meissonier, Gérôme, Doré, Bonnat and Couture, the French may successfully challenge the rest of mankind. To even name her great artists and their pictures, as seen at the Exhibition of 1878, would require more space than any one art journal has at its command. Meissonier and Bonnat divide between them the best space in the French art gallery, the works of the former numbering sixteen, the "Cuirassiers, 1805," having the place of honor. Doré's "Night in the Colosseum" is

much criticised. An artist, new to the American public, whose portraits and figure pieces have created a great sensation among the connoisseurs visiting Paris, is Jean Jacques Henner, of Alsace—a pupil of Picot—who won the Prix de Rome in 1858, and the Legion of Honor in 1873. He has ten pictures, two of which, "La Femme au Divan Noir," and "Naiads," are extravagantly praised. Of him it is said he seems to reach heights of excellence in the direction of splendid painting beyond his day; beyond his contemporaries; beyond Ingres, because superior in the mastery of abstract color; inviting no comparison with any artist except in the one matter of tone, but in that one able to bear comparison with any of his time. He absolutely declines all subjects and paints effects merely, judging by his works in the Exhibition. His style is said to be more like Titian's than any seen in this century. Of all American artists, possibly the venerable William Page may be regarded as a disciple of Henner. Corot has ten pictures in the Exhibition, and eighty-three altogether in the gallery of the Rue Laffitte! Gustave Moreau has six canvases. Jules Breton has nine, such as the "Gleaner" and "Girls at the Fountain." Antoine Vallon has five works, among them his "Fisherwoman of Dieppe," which created a *furore* in the Salon of 1876. Two of the great artists of the day in Paris, who exhibited, are Hector le Roux, who devotes himself to Greek and Latin subjects; and J. E. Delaunay, whose "Plague in Rome" was exhibited in 1869, and placed by Napoleon in the Luxembourg. The military painters of France, as Alfred de Neuville, Edouard Detaille, Berne-Bellecour, Dupray and Protas, are well represented in the Exhibition. The masterpiece is De Neuville's "Le Bourget," and represents the taking of that village by the Germans. This work is praised for its rare inspiration, breadth of composition, and subtleties of color. Among the host of other artists represented by many of their best works, are J. G. Vibert, Antigna, Baron, Bertrand, Gérôme, Bouguereau, Rosa Bonheur, Biron, Alex. Cabanel, Jacquet, Charles Chaplin, Comte, Cot, Desgoffe, Dubufe, Isabey, Jalabert, Jourdan, Lambinet, Maréchal, Auguste Toulmouche, Adrien Moreau, Van Marcke, Yvon, Ziem and scores of others.

For illustration in THE ALDINE we have selected charming *genre* pictures by Moreau and Toulmouche, whose works are much admired in the Exhibition. These artists, like Alfred Stevens, of Brussels, are essentially modern; they paint the costumes of the day, and as they change they keep up with the movement. The success of these pictures does not depend upon the cut of the dresses or choice of subject, but in the wonderful facility of handling and the exquisite harmony of tone and color employed. The works are highly finished, a fact which displeases such a renowned artist as Mr. George Innes, of this country! And yet they are painted with great simplicity and apparent ease. In this consists the art which English and American artists have yet to acquire. Speaking of these skillful French artists, Théophile Gautier said, as long ago as 1864, "The process is attaining a point of perfection disquieting, for the hand is becoming so skillful that the painter will soon be able to produce without brains." It may not require much brain-power to conceive a woman picking spring blossoms, or white roses, but it does involve a certain knowledge of art to compose a pleasing picture from these simple subjects, and thorough information regarding colors to produce the required symphony. *L'Art* commends Moreau's pictures for their care in composition, the animation of their figures and the delicacy of coloring. "Spring Flowers" is a good example by this artist.

At the recent Exposition Universelle in Paris, M. Moreau was represented by several pictures, among them "Le Menuet Gitanos de Grenade," "Un Norché a Grenade—Espagne," etc. One of his most striking pictures, which we reproduce, has the French title, "Ils allaient dodelinant de la tête," which may be liberally rendered in English as, "They go balancing their heads from side to side." Two, at least, of the merry party, appear to be somewhat intoxicated, and but for the solemn Capuchin and the sturdy old Falstaffian gentleman in the centre, as supports, we might expect to see them in the gutter, notwithstanding their fine clothes. They are making slow progress along the quaint and narrow street, much to the amusement of the housemaids and the butcher, who laugh at their idle jests. M. Moreau makes a specialty of these interesting and serio-comic pictures, illustrating the drolleries of life, as the titles of his works indicate. He be-



SPRING FLOWERS.—AFTER ADRIEN MOREAU.

longs to the school of Parisian art. It is said there are few Parisian artists born, and foreigners make the best. Artists who go up to Paris, falling under the influence of its movement, add to the native talent they have brought with them an elegance

and refinement that are entirely Parisian. The gallery of the late Mr. Lamont, of New York, contained a brilliant work by Moreau, called "A Discovery." A lady, dressed in pink silk, was walking through the tall grasses and flowers of a brook's edge, in the



SUMMER.—AFTER TOULMOUCHE.

water of which several beautiful ducks were floating. The effect was very brilliant. In the year 1876 he was awarded a medal for his picture, "La Kermese," a *fête champêtre*, filled with figures enjoying a dance, etc. He was born at Troyes, France, and

became a pupil of M. Pils. Among his other works of note are "Sortie de Bal," "La Promenade," "Concert d'Amateurs dans un Atelier d'Artiste," and "Field Flowers," which was on exhibition in the French department of the Centennial Exhibition at

Philadelphia. At the Loan Exhibition in aid of the Society for Decorative Art, held in New York during October, 1878, a dainty picture was shown by this artist, called "Among the Flowers;" a lady in a delicate costume strolling through a field of bright wild flowers.

Auguste Toulmouche, whose picture, "L'Été" (Summer), is so much admired, is one of the five or six celebrated French artists who paint similar works. He has been before the public longer than most of his contemporaries, having received medals in 1852, '59 and '61, and the decoration of the Legion of Honor in 1870. His works are very beautifully and carefully painted, with sufficient sentiment. The accessories are put in with unusual care. It has been suggested that if Toulmouche would paint with a little *abandon*, greater freedom and naturalness, he would enhance the value of his works. Many of his pictures are to be found in private American galleries. One or two of his works are in Mrs. A. T. Stewart's gallery; "His Portrait," a very pleasing picture, was in the Lamont collection; "The Bouquet" was to be seen at Goupil's, in New York, a year or two ago; Mr. W. B. Dinsmore, of New York, possesses "Going to the Ball"; "The Reverie" was offered for sale a year or so ago, in New York. Other works by this artist are "La Réponse," "L'Hiver," "Flirtation" and "Le Livre Sérieux." None of these pictures are more pleasing than his "Summer," represented by a woman in the summer of life, plucking white roses, the air perfumed by the deep-yellow blossoms of the climbing jasmin. Toulmouche ranks with Wilhems, Rossi and Boutibonne as a painter of delicate dry goods. He possesses the art of painting textures, which enables him to represent them with marvelous fidelity. He was born at Nantes; became a pupil of M. Gleyre, and has a studio at 70 Rue Notre Dame des Champs, Paris.

ENGLAND AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

THE country next to France occupying the most space in the art galleries of the Universal Exposition at Paris, was England, which, in the days of Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough and Turner, stood more nearly on the same height with its continental rival. England sent to the Exhibition seven hundred and twenty works of art, of which two hundred and eighty-three took rank in the first class as oil paintings, the remainder being classed as water-color and black-and-white drawings, sculpture and medallions, architectural drawings and models, and engravings. In all of these departments English artists were well represented, and a

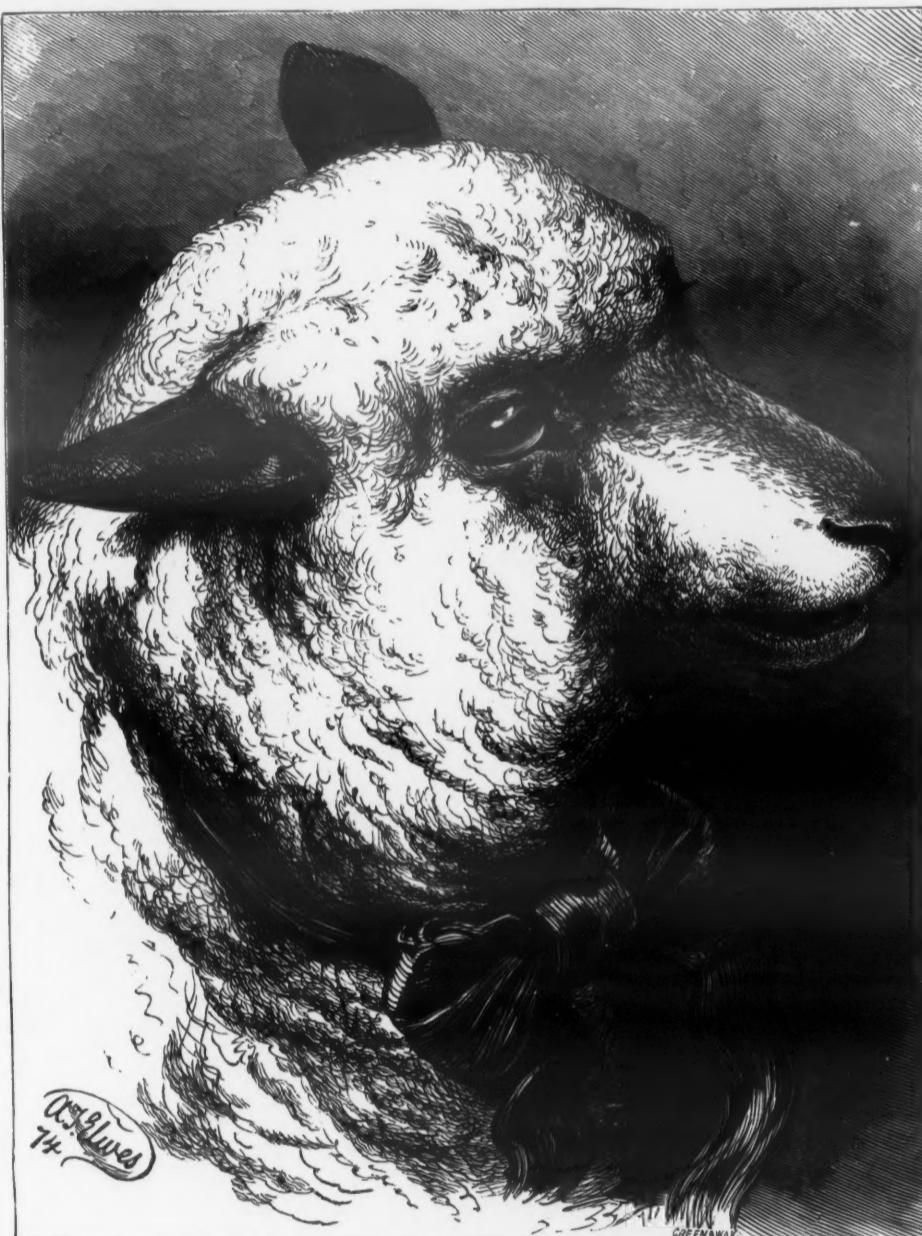
glance at some of them will prove instructive and interesting to the greater English-speaking family on this side of the Atlantic.

Passing from the French Department to the English, says an intelligent American observer, as the works of the latter strike the eye there is one strong impression uppermost—that of a general heaviness in color, and a lack of ideality. The poor pictures are in the majority. While there are many fine pictures, great individuality, and a refreshing evidence of a healthy moral national life, as a whole they are gay and hard in color, and without the breadth of fancy or imagination which gives poetical life to art. There is no collection of fine works by deceased painters, as there was at Philadelphia; they are mostly fresh from the studios, and by so much more emphatically English than ever.

English art, as regards oil painting, appears more than that of any other people except the Chinese, to be in national fetters. The fine things of Alma-Tadema, representative of ancient Roman and Egyptian art, are scarcely more English than his name, and the same is true of the pictures by George H. Boughton, who is an American. At times, it is true, these fetters are made of roses, as, for instance, in Mr. Leslie's "Visit to the Pension," and in the one picture of "The Harvesters," by Morgan. No idyl in the language is so sweetly pastoral as this English country scene. J. F. Millais, who, with Mr. Herkomer, received the *médailles d'honneur*, has a line of ten subjects, among which is the life-sized, half-length picture, "Yes, or No," well known in this country through photographs and engravings. This is as perfect a picture in its way as can well be conceived. It is so *naïve* in expression, that one is quite absorbed, forgetting the matter of color entirely, which is, as it should be, unobtrus-

ive. His picture of "Three at Whist" represents portraits of which the impression is that these are three true English faces, but over an undue amount of crinoline and ribbons. The other pictures are equally gay, even to one of the two landscapes, which is bright and hard in color, and harsh in handling. Among these are "A Yeoman of the Guard," "Chill October," "The Gambler's Wife," and "The Northwest Passage."

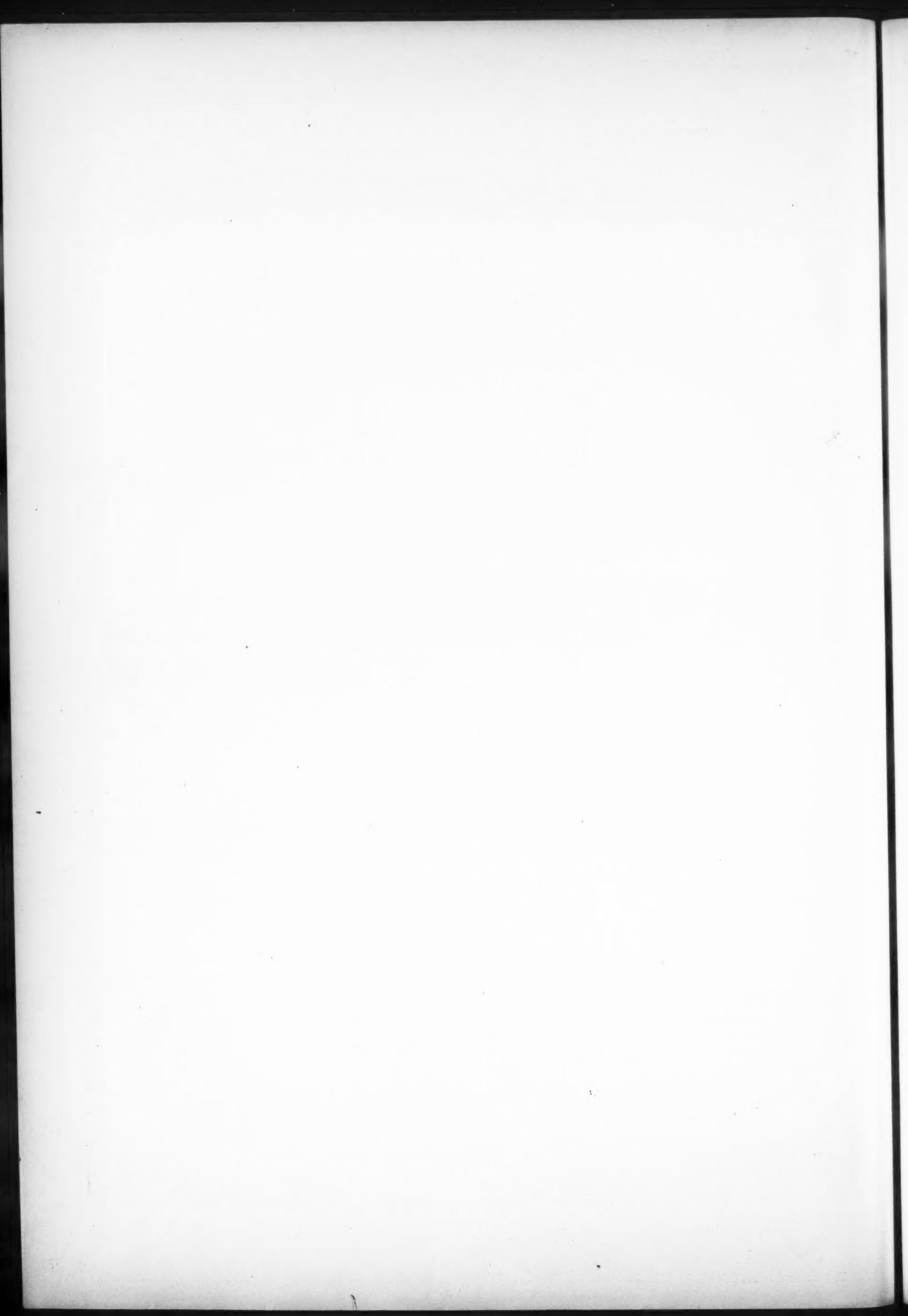
"The Last Muster," by Mr. Herkomer, which won for him the grand prize, attracted great attention. It represents a group of old soldiers in the chapel of Chelsea Hospital, against a simple background of high wainscoting. These are all types, each head being a study. The coloring, as well as drawing, is remarkably fine. "After the Labor" is also a picture by Herkomer, representing a German village with hard-worn peasants at the doors taking their evening's rest. A maiden, fresh in life's weary tasks, still plies her spinning wheel; other people in the street, pre-



THE PET LAMB.—A. T. ELWES.



A CONVERSATION.—AFTER FRITZ WERNER.



ceded by a waddling flock of geese, complete the perfect characteristics of the scene.

Besides these artists those winning medals at Paris were Mr. G. F. Watts, Mr. Alma-Tadema, Mr. Ouless, Mr. P. H. Calderon, Sir John Gilbert, Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, Mr. John Pettie, Mr. G. D. Leslie, Mr. Briton Rivière and Mr. Green. There were many pictures exhibited by Sir Edwin Landseer; Mr. F. Leighton sent his latest picture, "Elijah"; L. Alma-Tadema had ten pictures, including "The Picture Gallery," "The Sculpture Gallery," "The Audience at Agrippa's," "After the Dance" and "A Roman Garden." Mr. W. P. Frith had five pictures, among them "The Derby Day," "The Railway Station," "The Salon d'Or, Hombourg," etc. In *genre* pictures there were noticeable works by E. J. Gregory, Mr. Orchardson, Boughton, Armstrong, Graham, Chalmers and Aumonier. Miss Thompson had two important battle pieces; Mr. Crofts sent "The Morning of the Battle of Waterloo"; E. Burne-Jones exhibited "The Beguiling of Merlin," and there were other notable pictures by the late Frederick Walker, Sir John Gilbert, G. F. Watts, C. W. Cope and Mr. G. D. Leslie. His picture of "School Revisited" has been engraved, as has also Mr. Rivière's "Daniel in the Den of Lions," and both may be obtained in this country.

No part of the British fine-art section was more interesting than the room containing the drawings in black and white. There the prominent exhibitors were John Tenniel, G. Du Maurier, Charles Keene and Linley Sambourne, members of the staff of *Punch*; also W. Small, H. Herkomer, E. J. Gregory, R. Caldecott and many others. One of the great English illustrated papers made a special exhibition, extensive and comprehensive, of the business. Inclosed in a sort of parlor, large and commodious, its exterior and interior walls were hung with drawings in black and white by known artists, the engravings accompanying the designs. There were frames of sketches from war correspondents, and specials from India, Australia, and from the two armies during the recent Franco-Prussian war; box-wood in the rough, finished, pieced and prepared for the engraver; a drawing on wood; then the engraver's pad, with block under way, flanked by the tools, lenses, etc., necessary to the execution of the finest wood engraving. This exposition showed the efforts made in England in behalf of illustrated news. It is not generally known, possibly not known at all among those interested in art illustration in the United States, that those artists, whose illustrations in English journals and whose designs are so familiar, are all R. A.'s (Royal Academicians); Fildes, Walker, Houghton, Small, Herkomer, Green, Pointer, Pinwell, Gilbert, Foster, all have become such by their undeniable good drawing; all having been what is understood as designers for publications. Think of our academicians as designers; who have not, but with very few exceptions, learned to be draughtsmen! Even as they are, we remember that it is but a few years ago they counted to draw for a printed publication as something that would tarnish their easily gained reputation. But lovers of art, whether painted, drawn and engraved and printed in weekly or monthly journals, or books of luxury, have reason to rejoice and feel proud of the growth of correct study in the arts so lately sprung into life, when they examine the beautiful pages of THE ALDINE, and find there the evidence of earnest labor in the right road, which will give to our cities academies of art sustained by academicians who paint and draw. And we must exact from our engravers that they devote some time to study drawing and color in black and white. Many of the professional engravers on wood in Europe, particularly in France, are fine painters, and in some cases they have received medals in both branches. They all draw, more or less; it was their first step. Many are also etchers of merit. The painters are often sculptors, as are Gérôme and Doré. Sculptors are painters, as are P. Dubois and Falguière; the former having received the medal of honor in his profession of sculptor and several medals as painter. All painters, sculptors and engravers are etchers in their moments of recreation. Surely our engravers can find a few spare moments wherein to recreate themselves in the same way. We do not mean to become painters or sculptors, but we do mean that they should strive to accomplish some knowledge of drawing. The rapidity with which some of the French engravers produce their finest blocks would open wide the eyes of their American cousins. It is the result of knowing thoroughly their work.

England is notably rich in good draughtsmen and artists who have made a specialty of animal life, numbering in the list such men as Landseer, Richard Ansdell and Harrison Wier. A younger name in this branch of the fine arts, but one deserving to be classed with the best, whose works are, perhaps, not so well known in this country, is that of A. T. Elwes, whose "Pet Lamb" we reproduce. Of all the contributors to the black-and-white department of the English art display at the Exposition, there was no one whose pictures were more artistic than are those by M. W. Ridley, examples of whose work we have selected for illustration. In "Light and Shadow" we see with what facility a master of his art can express with a few strokes joy and sorrow. The tale of poverty, on one hand, of cold and hunger, contrasted with riches, warmth and happiness, is vigorously told, and yet is not overdone. In the picture "Private Theatricals" we have a delicate drawing, which shows how deftly Mr. Ridley can handle the pencil when he wishes to produce thin textures, like muslin, and embroideries on silk. There is a charming grace and simplicity in this picture. These gentlemen are all disciples of a school in England which reflects much credit upon art in that country. Pictures in black and white, and good engravings, are thought more of abroad than in this country. Next to a good collection of paintings, the best thing for art students is a collection of good engravings from the works of the great masters. The late Mr. Leslie, of the Royal Academy, was in the habit of saying that the works of any student unfamiliar with good paintings or engravings would be unworthy to be called pictures. There is at present on exhibition in Taunton, England, a collection of nearly two thousand line engravings, etchings, mezzo-tints and aqua-tints. These works are arranged in an order which marks the history and progress of the engraver's art from the fifteenth century until the present day. The work of Albert Dürer, and other pioneers of the art, is duly represented, and there is a creditable show of contemporary engraving. Among the English engravers represented are Fairthorne, Sharp, Woollet, Sir Robert Strange and Hogarth. There are a vast number of drawings by the old masters hid away in the print room of the British Museum, which ought to be made accessible to the public. It is some fifteen years since a great loan exhibition of similar works was made at the South Kensington Museum, an event which excited much interest.

THE VIA MALA.

CROSSING Switzerland from the Lake of Constance to the Lake of Como in Lombardy, the tourist can ride by rail as far as Chur, the capital of the canton of Grisons, after which the passage of the Alps may be made by diligence, on horseback or on foot. The road is known as the Splügen, which, passing along the valley of the Hinter Rhine, reaches an elevation of 6,946 feet. At the town of Splügen it joins the San Bernardino road, which runs through the Val Misocco to Lago Maggiore. About five miles south of the old market town of Thusis, the traveler comes to the fearful gorges of the Via Mala, a graphic illustration of which is herewith given, drawn from nature by Herr Assmus. The Via Mala is one of the most extraordinary defiles in the Alps. From the northern end of the Schamser Thal it extends four miles down the valley to within a short distance of the village of Thusis. The walls of this gigantic cleft are nowhere less than 1,500 feet in height, and in places they overhang the valley to such an extent as to approach within 30 feet of each other. The broad roadway is carried with marvelous ingenuity and skill, now on the face of one cliff, now spanning the ravine in a bold bridge, now on the face of the opposite wall of rock. In one part it pierces the rock for 220 feet—Verlorne Loch—in others the rocks are hollowed out so as to overhang the road as with a canopy. Far below the path the impetuous torrent rushes along, as Southey sings—

" Recoiling, tumbling, and toiling and toiling."

The remainder of the Splügen route from the Via Mala abounds in beauties and picturesque views. The lower part of the valley, known as the Domlesch Thal, is remarkable for the large number of old castles which crown many of the eminences on either bank of the Hinter Rhine, and also for the rich cultivation of the lower slopes of the mountains.



THE VIA MALA, ALPS.—AFTER R. ASSMUS.

EGYPTIAN DANCING WOMEN.

THIS beautiful picture by Professor Gustav Richter, of Berlin, represents a scene which may be witnessed in Cairo, Thebes or Memphis, provided one is fortunate enough to be the guest of a Turkish pasha. One Abbas-Pasha has a modern Italian villa near old Cairo, with a garden and terrace in the rear. Here it was the good fortune of Herr Richter to make his studies from nature for the picture which we place before the readers of THE ALDINE. The hour is a brilliant moonlight night, when the air seems filled with "violet dust," to use an oriental expression, and the palm-trees wave their branches softly to and fro. The work

of the day being over, the pasha seeks his garden for the purpose of enjoying life and the cool breezes of night. He will smoke, for which purpose a servant is lighting his pipe; he will drink a cup of coffee, which is being brought to him by a brown Abyssinian in a snow-white turban; he will rest upon his soft divan; will listen to the music of the violin, the flute, the tambourine and other instruments, and will watch the graceful movements of the dancing women, while other slave women in attendance clap their hands with admiration as they watch the progress of the fantasia, and exclaim every now and then, "*Allah akbar! Mohamed rassuhl Allah!*" (God is great, and Mohamed is his prophet!) Such is the oriental's earthly paradise which the great German



EGYPTIAN DANCING WOMEN.—AFTER GUSTAV RICHTER.

artist has transferred to canvas. The effects of moonlight in this picture are quite wonderful, falling, as it does, from above, making the walls of the villa to glow, lighting up the dome and minaret in the distance, and bringing into strong relief the gracefully posed figure in the foreground. A secondary light, obtained from the quaint lamp burning at the left, falls upon the back of the second dancing woman, causing the outline of the nearly nude figure to be plainly seen, while it lights up the musicians in the distance, and the woman who is striking the palms of her hands together. This arrangement of lights is masterly, gives a good

perspective to the picture, and enables the artist to paint all of his figures with as much boldness as if he intended to represent them in the glare of a noonday sun. It may be said of Richter, as it has been of Velasquez and Fortuny, that he holds the secret of light in his hands.

At present, in Germany, reigns the school wherein Piloty and Richter are leaders, a school that believes painting to be not a dry, didactic, but a pleasure-giving art. This new school is triumphant in color, bold in surface texture, assailant in dramatic action, scenic in contrast of light and shade. The new and the



old school possess only one point in common: both place equal faith in a noble type of humanity; in both alike resides the love of beauty. A picture like the "Egyptian Dancing Women" gives the artist all the opportunities he could desire for color, beauty, dramatic action and effects of light and shade. The rich costumes of the women, splendid with "barbaric gold;" the Turkish rug upon which they dance; the turbans of the slaves; the oriental robes of the pasha; the deep blue Egyptian sky studded with stars; the glowing walls—conspire to make a work of unusual brilliancy.

Professor Gustav Richter is fond of painting Egyptian subjects. At the Vienna Exhibition he was represented by a noble

block of stone, and the pyramid, which already rises high into the sky, is crowded with busy laborers. At the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition Professor Richter had a portrait of Hon. George Bancroft, the historian, painted while that gentleman was United States minister at Berlin. At the Exposition Universelle in Paris he was represented by several portraits of princes and princesses of the royal family of Germany. The mantle of Wallreider, so beloved of royal purple, seems to have fallen upon his shoulders, and he appears to be the Cabanel of Germany. His portraits are pleasing and artistic. A picture by this artist, called "The Shawl Merchant," was exhibited at Goupil's, in New York, a year or two ago, attracting much attention.

DECORATIVE ART AT PARIS.

THE chief sensation in connection with the Exposition Universelle at Paris was the overwhelming display of riches made in the exhibition of retrospective art in the lateral galleries of the Trocadero Palace. One hall was filled with Grecian antiquities—exquisitely tinted marbles and perfect bronzes; another contained terra cottas and bronzes of the elder days; the fourth hall was filled with the beginnings of Christian art, illuminated missals and bibles, and reliquaries garnished with precious stones, some dating from the eighth and ninth centuries. The fifth hall was filled with the treasures owned by the Basilewskis family—almost a complete history of art from the Catacombs to the close of the sixteenth century; caskets, in a hundred forms, of carved ivory; armory of the Middle Ages; sculptured furniture; bronzes and brass work. The period of the Renaissance was exhibited in the sixth and seventh halls, making such a collection of varied enamels, glasses, Florentine bronzes and terra cottas, marbles and caskets, as will, probably, never be seen together again outside of Paris. The eighth room was filled with Italian faïences, Spanish goldsmiths and silversmiths' work; potteries from Palissy's hand and manuscripts from the Rouen Library. The treasures owned by Prince Czartoryski—Polish antiquities, priceless and of great historical interest, filled the eighth room, consisting of cups, vases, saddles, weapons, coats of mail, cuirasses, etc. The movement of art in the seventeenth century was fairly illustrated in three large rooms, one of which was particularly rich in ceramics, medallions, specimens of printed works, rich bindings and miniatures, all of a high order.

In the art of bronze making it may be allowed that the French stand at the head of European nations. They admit, however, that the Japanese and Chinese are their superiors in this branch of art. Looking at the display made in the miraculous Pavilion of Paris at the Exposition, it seemed almost incredible



historic work, which for the first time worthily asserted in an international contest the position to which the artist had long been known to be entitled. This picture was the florid but well-studied composition, "The Building of an Egyptian Pyramid," second only in importance to Professor Piloty's great work shown at the same exhibition, "The Triumph of Germanicus." The moment chosen for Professor Richter's now well-known picture is when the king and queen have come to see the progress of the works. In the foreground swarthy Nubians drag along a massive

that such richness and variety of design should be the product of a single country. From the immense group in the principal gallery of the Champ de Mars Palace, at the summit of which appeared Charlemagne on a war horse led by two warriors in costumes of his time, radiated many galleries filled with works of art of the most ravishing beauty. There were exquisite and ethereal statues; bronzes in profusion, made by such artists as Barbedienne; Du Bois, who made the "Florentine Singer" and the "Charity;" Mercié, the moulder of "David Triumphant"

and other biblical subjects; Delaplanche, Chapu and Rude, and other men whose names are as familiar to the people of the United States as to those of France. The clocks of marble and bronze and precious stones, the mantel ornaments, pieces for the table and presentation, were all deftly ornamented and charming creations of French artists. We select for illustration a remarkably fine specimen in solid silver and bronze, called "Groupe de la Navigation," which is characteristic of French art-work in the precious metals, graceful in design and clearly expressing the idea intended to be conveyed. A woman is sitting in the prow of a ship, against which dash the waves, holding aloft in her right hand a star symbolical of the north star, which is the navigator's guide. Her left hand grasps the globe. A boy is at the rudder; and, as he stands, looks out at sea to mark his course. This group was made by order of the French Government, and presented to an English gentleman by the Minister of Marine, for the services he had rendered the French navy by causing the adoption of the universal code of international signals.

The French are pre-eminently the masters of the language of art. They possess a vast heritage of forms which have been set up in their museums. These are accessible to the art-workers, and they use them as a book of reference. They understand the essential condition of the existence of the minor decorative arts, which is their subordination to a purpose. Everything that comes from France is beautiful, thoughtful and appropriate. Is it not, then, a matter for congratulation that the grand prize, over all the world, for art-work in the precious metals, has been won at Paris, this year of 1878, by Tiffany & Co., an American house? Decorative art is making rapid progress in the United States, and so successful was the Loan Exhibition of the Society for Decorative Art, held in New York in 1877, that another and larger one is now in progress, requiring for its accommodation the whole of the National Academy of Design. The discovery is being made in this country that nature is not the only fountain of art; that it is necessary to know how drawing and carving, painting and sculpture has been done by our predecessors; how they have interpreted nature according to all the moods and emotions of the human soul, and under all the conditions of life. To this end we need museums, and art galleries, and exhibitions, which shall contain specimens of all the art-work of mankind, from the simplest beginnings to the present day.

The "Sabre of Damascus," which we reproduce, could be seen in the French Department of the Exhibition. As specimens of

the ornamental metal-works of France, these arms may be considered to hold a high place. The term *damascene* is often used in connection with artistic metal-work. This word indicates all decorations produced by gold on iron. It derives its origin from Damascus, the city where the famous sword blades were made and decorated. The gold is not inlaid, as it would seem at first sight, but made to adhere to the surface of the steel, which has been prepared to receive it by being cut or scratched with a sharp tool. The cuts cross each other at different angles, and leave the surface of the metal rough like the surface of a file. The gold is laid on this in fine wire, which is bent to follow the proposed design. It is then rubbed or hammered flat, the pressure used by the workman being sufficient not only to flatten the gold, but also to rub into the cuts; which, submitting to a strong pressure, partly close up, biting in the gold, as it were, between their edges, and holding it there. The Japanese are masters in this art. The blade in the illustration is elaborately decorated, and the hilt is studded with precious stones.

A more characteristic specimen of modern French art, as applied to the decoration of presentation swords, is seen in the hilt of a sword, carved in high relief from solid gold, presented to General Nicolas Changarnier. The design is so managed it forms a strong handle for the hand to cling to and grasp. In this matter of sword decoration the Americans are not behind the French, as all know who witnessed the magnificent display made by Tiffany & Co., of New York, at the Centennial Exhibition, of presentation swords for famous American generals. Simply as showing with how much beauty and ingenuity decorative art may be applied to fire-arms in general, we give examples of highly ornamented French and oriental pistols. It by no means follows that these fire-arms take high rank for excellence; and, to the

eye of the American manufacturer it may seem worse than useless to spend so much time and thought on the outside of the stock, boss, trigger, etc. The cases of fire-arms exhibited at Paris this year, from the United States, were a just source of pride to all Americans.

A CONVERSATION.

A REMARKABLE display of art works was made by the German empire at the Exposition Universelle in Paris, as might be expected from a nation which possesses the schools of Munich, Berlin and Dusseldorf. There are those who prophesy that the day is not distant when Berlin will divide with Paris the honors





of an art centre. Germany exhibited one hundred and fifty-nine oil paintings ; and it is admitted, even by the English, that with regard to the arrangement of picture galleries she bore the palm ; the United States, unfortunate in its art committee, having the worst gallery in the Exhibition ! Among the well-known exhibitors from Germany were Professor Louis Knaus, of Berlin, with four wonderful *genre* pictures ; Professor Carl von Piloty, with his " Wallenstein going to Eger ; " Andreas and Oswald Achenbach, with nine or ten examples between them ; Guillaume Leihl, Petersen, Kaulbach the younger, Brandt, and Hermann Baisch, all of Munich ; Seel, Fagerlin, Edward Grützner, Hoff, Hildebrand and Siegel, all of Dusseldorf, and Leu, Lessing and many others. A picture in the German Department, which created much enthusiasm, is by Fritz Werner of Berlin, and has been reproduced for THE ALDINE. The incident depicted in " A Conversation," is one common enough in Potsdam, where some five thousand soldiers are stationed, among them a regiment of favored grenadiers, or life-guards, which once belonged to Frederick William II., the sovereign who was so fond of parades and tall soldiers. The guards still wear their old and odd-looking uniforms, with tall helmets, powdered wigs, etc. Five of these are shown in the picture, chatting over the park fence with the nurses. A foolish remark, made by one of the soldiers, has set all to laughing ; while, to hide their embarrassment, one of the

maids kisses the babe she holds, and the other turns her face away. It was a very difficult task for the artist to represent so many persons in the act of laughing—each possessing a different physiognomy—without marring the effect of the whole ; but, as the result shows, he proved equal to its accomplishment. This picture has a moral meaning as well, expressed by the German phrase : " *Ernst ist das Leben, heiter die Kunst*"—earnest is life, cheerful is art. The soldier represents the hardest labor known to man ; the artist gives us a picture radiant with cheerfulness. The glimpse of the palace seen through the trees and hedges reminds one of the architecture of Sans Souci. Potsdam is a beautiful city of some forty-four thousand inhabitants, seventeen miles southwest of Berlin. Its name signifies " under the oaks," and it contains many palaces, among which are Castle Babelsburg, the residence of the present emperor ; the new palace, or Chateau Charlottenhof ; the old Stadtschloss, built by the great elector ; the Sans Souci palace ; Countess Lichtenau's Castle ; the Orangery ; the Pavilion and many others.

In *Harper's Magazine*, for May, 1878, a very small wood-engraving of " A Conversation" was given, three and a half inches wide, by four and a half inches long, which, of necessity, failed to do the picture justice from its very diminutiveness. Broad and ample pages, like those of THE ALDINE, are needed for the perfect reproduction of the masterpieces of art. Herr Fritz Werner





WILMINGTON FALLS, ADIRONDACKS.—JOHN S. DAVIS.

had another picture at the Paris Exhibition—a view of a Dutch street—which is very artistic and pleasing. He was born about the year 1828, and became an engraver, pursuing that profession for many years. Among other pictures he engraved “The Table of Frederick the Great” and “The Concert at Sans Souci, 1750,” painted by Adolf Menzel, and hanging in the National Gallery at Berlin. His work attracted the attention of this great master, who, perceiving his ability, urged him to become an artist. Failing to find a publisher for one of his engravings, Herr Werner abandoned his profession, and in his thirty-fifth year began the study of art. His first picture was painted in 1863, and was at once purchased by the Society of the Friends of Art in Berlin. In 1866 he went to Holland, studying the Dutch masters for a year. Thence he visited Paris, and at once made the acquaintance of Meissonier, with whom he painted from 1867 to 1869. The style of these two artists is strikingly similar, and in his own country Werner is called “the German Meissonier.” He became so fond of Paris as an art centre, that he determined to pass the remainder of his days in that city, and in 1870 visited Berlin for the purpose of arranging his affairs to that end. The outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war compelled him to return to Berlin, where he has since remained, enjoying a very successful career in his own country.

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

GLOUCESTER is a handsome city of nearly twenty thousand inhabitants, built on the left bank of the Severn, and capital of the county of the same name. The cathedral is an ancient edifice which has braved the inclemencies of many seasons and the vicissitudes of many centuries. It exhibits

several varieties of design and style in its architecture, and contains some features of singular and unique character. The Christian architects of the Middle Ages were prone to perpetual change and reform in the designs for their buildings. On this subject they seem to have indulged in a latitude of fancy, and either at certain epochs, or after a style or species of building had continued in fashion a few years, they invented another, which was generally more ornamental than the former. It is, however, a very interesting

and remarkable fact, that nearly all the ecclesiastical edifices in England which are of contemporaneous ages, are of a corresponding or very similar style. From Durham, in the north, to Cornwall, in the west, and in the intermediate counties, a coincidence of system will be found to be very generally manifested.

Originally the cathedral was the monastery church of St. Peter. The exact date of the founding of this abbey in Gloucester is unknown, its early history, like many others, stretching out beyond the era of the Norman conquest, and being involved in some obscurity. There is a crypt beneath the choir of the cathedral, as it stands to-day, with aisles and chapels, which indicates its Norman origin, and is supposed to have been erected by the abbot Serlo, in the time of the Anglo-Norman monarch William I., in 1058. The first stone of the church of St. Peter, now the cathedral, was laid in 1089. The abbot Serlo had previously worn the monastic habit in two or three religious establishments in Normandy, and was probably introduced to England and advanced to the abbey of Gloucester by William, Duke of Normandy, to whom he was chaplain. This event occurred in 1072.



GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL. SOUTH TRANSEPT.

After varying fortunes, extending through a period of some five hundred years, Henry VIII., in 1539, broke up the abbey of St. Peter, turned out the monks, and gave the property to Protestants. This monarch, considering that the site of the monastery, in which were many memorials of his ancestors, was a very fit place for erecting an episcopal see, ordained that the monastery should be erected into a cathedral church, “dedicated to the Holy and Individual Trinity.”

The cathedral consists of a south porch, nave and aisles; a north and south transept; a choir, with aisles, the latter of which are continued round the eastern, or altar end; a lady chapel, to the east; and some chapels branching off from the northeast and southeast ends of the aisles of the choir, and other chapels at the eastern side of the transept. To the north of the cathedral is a regular, perfect cloister, with some recesses at the northwest end of rather unusual character. Branching off from the eastern walk of the cloister is an oblong chapter-house, between which and the north transept is a slyp, or long passage. At the southwest angle is the deanery, formerly a portion of the prior's dwelling. The columns, aisles and chantry chapels of the choir are the oldest in date; then the chapter room and slyp; the nave next; afterward the south and north transept; the west end and porch next; the choir afterward, and lastly the cloister and the lady chapel. Among the peculiarities of the plan of the cathedral are its short transepts, without any aisle or buttresses at the angles, but having two chantry chapels diverging from and communicating with their eastern sides.

The choir occupies the whole area under the tower, and, with its organ screen, extends to the first column in the nave. The claustral buildings are on the north side of the cathedral; they are generally placed to the south.



NORTH WALK OF THE CLOISTERS.



NAVE, LOOKING EAST.

Our general view of Gloucester Cathedral shows the magnificent square tower, the south transept, and a portion of the outer walls of the south aisle. The great tower, including the pinnacles, is 223 feet high and 40 feet square. Thomas Seabrooke, elected abbot in 1450, pulled down the old tower, and began the building of the present beautiful structure in 1454, a monument of his taste and knowledge in the science of architecture. He died to leave it to be completed by a monk named Robert Tully. The great bell in the tower weighs three and a quarter tons, and the belfry above contains a peal of eight bells. The south transept, seen in the picture, called the aisle of St. Andrew, though said to have been built in 1163, has been so much altered that very few of its original architectural members are now remaining. It exhibits a mixture of the late circular and first pointed styles: the buttresses interlaced, and semicircular arches, with zigzag mouldings, being so many examples of the former, while the pinnacles, windows and parapets display different and later ages of workmanship. The south aisle of the nave, of a totally different character to any other part of the church, was built between the years 1307 and 1329. Its windows, buttresses, parapet, etc., are peculiar in form, ornaments and style. A splendid and highly interesting view of the exterior of the cathedral is obtained from a garden belonging to one of the prebendal houses on the north side of the edifice. The various parts are there grouped together and displayed to the admiring eye. Here the tower rises pyramidal from an irregular but highly adorned series of steps forming a graduated base. Internally the cathedral presents a great variety of features and details of antiquarian interest, of architectural beauty and merit, and of sculptural excellence. The whole interior length is 408 feet; length of transept, 142 feet; width of nave, 41 feet; width of aisles, 22 feet each; size of cloister, 147 by 143 feet, giving a cloister walk 580 feet long.

The western front of this cathedral exhibits a singular design and some beautiful members. The present façade is unlike the corresponding front of any cathedral in England, and though it can not compete with the splendid elevations of York, Peterborough or Wells, it far surpasses many of the other cathedrals. The parapet comes before and conceals the gable end of the roof, which is very uncommon. The southern porch is a fine specimen of the architectural style of Abbot Morwent's time. The nave, shown in the last of the smaller illustrations, looking east, is said to have been the last of Abbot Serlo's works. Its columns, sixteen in number, are large cylinders, very tall and of equal diameter from base to capital; while its arches are small, semicircular, and decorated with the billet and projecting zigzag ornaments. The vaulted ceiling of this nave was completed in 1242, not in the usual manner, by common laborers, but by the personal exertions of the monks. Separating the nave from the choir is a stone organ screen, seen in the distance. Beyond is the lady chapel, built between 1457 and 1498.

Some idea of the style and decoration of the cloister, built between the years 1351 and 1412, may be formed from the first of the small illustrations, which exhibits the northern walk as seen at the western end. Its embowered and fan-tracery roof can not fail of exciting the admiration of every spectator. This cloister is acknowledged to be the most elegant and perfect in England. The proportions are extremely beautiful, and the ornaments superb. A narrow passage in this cathedral, 75 feet long by 3 wide and 8 in height, is called the Whispering Gallery. The lowest whisper of the mouth, if placed close to the wall, the slightest scratch with a pin on the stone, is distinctly heard from one end of the gallery to the other.

There are many monuments in this great building, some of which are of general interest. The oldest is of Osric, the viceroy of Ethelred, seventh king of Mercia, who founded the abbey. He died in 729. On the north side of the choir, between two of the ponderous Norman columns, is the enshrined tomb of Edward II., the deposed and murdered king, who was smothered to death with bolsters. The altar-tomb sustains the recumbent alabaster effigy of the king, which is finely executed, and may be regarded as a faithful portraiture. Around the tomb are canopied niches with pedestals, and surmounting the whole is a splendid canopy consisting of a series of trefoil-headed arches. This was erected about 1334, and became so famous, and produced such riches from the offerings of the people, that the abbot and monks directed their attention and funds to adorn and beautify the church. The

choir, which in the true Norman manner had been previously plain, simple and unadorned, was now rendered elaborate in its architectural and sculptural embellishments. There is a marble monument to the memory of William Warburton, D. D., the friend of Pope and the editor of his works, who was made bishop of this see in 1759, in compliment to his learning and powerful talents. A colossal statue at the west end of the nave commemorates the fame and person of Dr. Edward Jenner, the discoverer of an antidote to small-pox by the introduction of cow-pox, or vaccine. Before this discovery 45,000 people died annually from small-pox in Great Britain alone. There is also an elaborate monument to the memory of Rev. Richard Raikes; a man of great piety and benevolence.

WILMINGTON FALLS.

THAT ever-wonderful and attractive wilderness of the North, the Adirondack region of the State of New York, appears to be a perennial source of inspiration for the artist, as well as of pleasures for the sportsman, the explorer and the summer tourist. Few fully understand what the Adirondack wilderness is, with its great groups of royal mountains, its innumerable lakes, rivers filled with cascades, and unbroken forests. It is a mystery even to those who have crossed and recrossed it by boats along its avenues, the lakes, or on foot through its vast and silent recesses, by following the long ghastly lines of blazed or axe-marked trees, which the daring searcher for the fur of the sable or the mink has chopped in order that he may find his way again in that deep and often desolate forest. In these remote sections, filled with the most rugged mountains, where unnamed waterfalls pour from the dark overhanging cliffs, the horse can find no footing, and the adventurous trapper or explorer must carry upon his back his blankets and a heavy stock of food. His rifle, which affords protection against wild beasts, at times replenishes his well-husbanded provisions, and his axe aids him in constructing from bark or bough some temporary shelter from storm, or hews into logs the huge trees which form the fierce, roaring, comfortable camp-fire. Yet, though the woodsman may pass his life-time in some section of the wilderness, it is still a mystery to him. Following the line of axe marks upon the trees, venturing along the cliff walls of the streams which rush, leap on leap, downward to haughty rivers; climbing on the steep, wooded slopes of lakes which never knew form or name on maps, he clings to his trapping line, and, shrouded and shut in by the deep, wonderful forests, emerges at length from its darkness to the daylight of the clearings, like a man who had passed under a great river or arm of the sea, through a tunnel, knowing little of the wonders that had surrounded him. It is a peculiar region; for though the geographical centre of the wilderness may be readily and easily reached in the light canoe-like boats of the guides, by lakes and rivers which form a labyrinth of passages for boats, the core, or rather cores of this wilderness extend on either hand from these broad avenues of water, and in their interior remain to-day spots as untrdden by man, and as unknown and wild, as when the Indian alone paddled his birchen boat upon these streams and lakes. Amid these mountain solitudes are places at this moment where, in all probability, the foot of man never trod; and here the panther has his den among the rocks, and rears his savage kittens undisturbed save by the growl of bear or screech of lynx, or the hoarse croak of raven taking its share of the carcasses of slain deer.

Just on the edge of this wonderful wilderness, at the foot of some of its boldest mountains, Wilmington Falls can be found on the west branch of the Au Sable River. This dashing, boiling, rocky mountain torrent, embowered in a rich growth of wild birches, has been faithfully put upon the block, for THE ALDINE, by Mr. John S. Davis. A glance at the picture is enough to show that this waterfall is in a mountain torrent, a stream which is hurrying to the level of the sea; with no great depth, but which foams and leaps around and over the rocks of its narrow bed. Travelers by rail from Plattsburg may reach the Au Sable River at what is known as "The Forks," and then by carriage road pursue the journey to the village of Wilmington and the falls. The Au Sable River is a remarkable stream in its way. Its waters rise high up in Wall-face Mountain, flow through the Indian

Pass and the famous town of North Elba, onward to Lake Champlain. Below Keeseville is the remarkable "chasm," one of the natural wonders of this continent. The waters of Lake Placid flow into the west branch of the Au Sable and pass over Wilmington Falls. White-face Mountain, near by, rises to a height of 4,908, and Mount Marcy, "the cloud cleaver," as the Indians called it, towers up in the distance over 5,000 feet high. Mr. Verplanck Colvin, who made a survey of the Adirondack wilderness for the State, once followed this Au Sable River to its source. He says: "After a toilsome climb up the steep gorge of the river, wetted by the spray of many an unnamed waterfall, ascending slippery ledges by aid of rope-like roots, we reached less difficult ground, when the stream divided into a number of smaller brooks." These ended in small ponds, which were found to be 3,091 feet above the level of the sea.

Mr. Davis has been in Paris for a number of years, a pupil of the famous Bonnat, and has laid the foundations for a brilliant and successful art career. Possessed of great talent and considerable art knowledge before he left America, his residence in the art centre of the world has shown a steady growth in the right direction. Of all American artists abroad, perhaps he is the most evenly developed, the best qualified to execute good work in the various branches of the fine arts. He is an excellent draughtsman, to begin with; an adept with the pencil, skillful in free-hand drawing, an acquirement essential for all good artists. He can draw a beautiful picture in black and white; can put the drawing upon the block, ready to be cut by the engraver. This is as far as many draughtsmen ever get, but Mr. Davis works in colors as well. A number of his oil and water color paintings have recently arrived in this country, and are now on exhibition at the art gallery of Sherk Brothers, 435 Fulton Street, Brooklyn. They are delightful in conception and execution; simple and beautiful in subject; soft and harmonious in color, and good specimens of excellent *technique*. One of them, "A Path in the Forest of St. Germain—Early Autumn," glows with a tender and a half melancholy color, true to the tone or feeling of the season of the year, and is rich with deep and tender shadows. At the bottom of the path, if the expression may be used, deep down under the limbs of the lofty white birches, a little girl is leading a goat. The coloring in this woodland scene is rich without being sweet, and the idea of foliage is broadly expressed without an attempt at an exact transcription of nature—so painstaking and painfully manifest in some American pictures executed in New York. Another oil painting is called "First Bag of the Day—Sun Dispelling Night Fog." An unseen sportsman—and Mr. Davis is fond of the rod and gun—has shot a wild duck, just as it was rising from the marshy and reedy shore of a lake to seek the broad waters beyond. The moment chosen by the artist is the instant the shot has hit the duck, and several feathers are flying in the air. The beautiful bird stretches its neck forward and utters its peculiar cry; its feet just skim the water, and it lifts its wings to seek refuge in the night fogs beyond, which are rolling and moving about in prismatic confusion before the approach of the sun; but the shot is a fatal one, and the bird will soon fall. The action in this bit of animal life is beyond all praise, and the painting of the duck is simply superb. Its long neck glows with emerald, blue and black, and the "brushing" is as soft and tender, yet as effective, as the feathers themselves. We have seldom, anywhere, seen a water fowl better painted. Two of Mr. Davis's water colors, fresh from Paris, are "Nevada Falls, 700 feet high" and "Squirrel Hunting—Early Autumn." These are painted in transparent colors, and show what a mastery the artist has obtained over the pigments he uses. The waterfall picture gives the great cascade leaping from an immense height, with a wealth of rocks and trees in the foreground. "Squirrel Hunting" is a scene in a forest, dark with shadows, yet rich with the reddish and brown tints incident to the ripeness and decay of autumn. Here and there a bright beam of golden sunlight falls upon the soft carpet of the woods, or the trunks of the trees, lighting up the interior and giving a true feeling of forest mysticism to the picture. The two or three boys, with rifles on their shoulders, are the squirrel hunters. These pictures contain the ideal and the real so beautifully blended; they show so much which only the eye of the artist could see, and have been interpreted by a hand which moved in unison with the controlling thought, that we must rank them very high as works of art.

ALMAVIVA AND ROSINA.

ROSSINI's opera of "The Barber of Seville" furnishes Prof. Carl Becker, of Berlin, with the subject which he has so charmingly illustrated in the picture of "Count Almaviva and Rosina." According to the argument of this favorite opera, the Count was deeply in love with Rosina, the ward of Doctor Bartolo. He serenades the beautiful lady with the song beginning, "Lo! smiling in the orient sky," all to no purpose; and finally plots with Figaro for the purpose of bringing about an introduction to the maiden. Disguised as a drunken soldier, he enters Bartolo's house, only to be discovered and arrested. A second attempt to meet Rosina is more successful. He dresses himself like a music teacher after the fashion of the day in Seville, and pretending that he was sent by Basilio to give a lesson in music, he obtains the confidence of Doctor Bartolo, meets Rosina, and has the desired interview, which proceeds satisfactorily. The incident depicted is in the third scene of the second act, in a room in Bartolo's house. The Count says: "Seat yourself by my side, fair lady; and, if not disagreeable, I will give you a little lesson in place of Don Basilio." To which request she replies: "Oh, sir! with the greatest pleasure." The music lesson proves to be an arrangement for an elopement and a secret marriage. This scene ends, in the opera, with the duet sung by Rosina and the Count, beginning: "Fare you well, then, good signore."

Prof. Carl Becker was born in Berlin in 1820, and has risen to be one of the foremost artists of Germany. He is known as a historical and figure painter, and is specially happy in the rendition of costumes. He is fond of theatrical and operatic subjects for his works. In the present instance the story of the ardent, intriguing lovers has been felicitously expressed upon the canvas with the touch of a master hand. They are intently looking into each other's eyes while they plan a future meeting under the thin disguise of a music lesson. At the Centennial Exhibition Prof. Becker was represented by a somewhat similar picture, called "Venetian Nobleman tuning a Guitar." Mr. John Wolfe, of New York, possesses a large historical picture by this artist, which has for its subject an incident in Goethe's tragedy of "Goetz von Berlichingen," scene fifth of the first act. This picture is called "Franz von Sickengen, Adelaide von Walldorf, and the Bishop of Bramberg, Fifteenth Century." The collection of Mr. William H. Webb, of New York, contained a Becker, 52 by 42 inches, entitled "The Petition to the Doge." A famous work, painted by this artist in 1861, is called "In der Gemaldegalerie"—In the Picture Gallery. It shows a room lined with paintings, and gentlemen and ladies critically examining them. A group in the centre is composed of two ladies in full dress, Watteau style, and a gentleman in court costume, bowing his respects. In one corner an artist is busy copying a picture, while an old gentleman in front of him has put his left hand up to his eye, and is looking at a picture as through a tube.

SELECTING A WEAPON.

THERE is quite a colony of American artists—painters and sculptors—residing in Florence, Italy. Mr. Gould, the painter, has lived in that city twenty-three years; Mr. I. U. Craig has been a resident for fifteen years; Mr. Newman, water-color artist; Mr. J. R. Brevoort, of New York, and Mr. Eugene Meeks, also of New York, are among the number who have been there for years. The American sculptors include Thomas Ball, Launt Thompson, Thomas R. Gould, J. R. Jackson and Mr. Powers, son of Hiram Powers. Mr. Meeks, the painter of "Selecting a Weapon," has a very handsome studio, which he has built in the new part of Florence, and has settled there with his wife and family. He was born in this city about 1842, and after being educated at the common schools, and in the College of New York, began his study of art, for which he early manifested a predilection, with Mr. Alexander Wust. After some time spent with this artist he went abroad, now some fourteen years ago, spending five years in diligent study at the Antwerp Academy. He visited, afterward, all the principal schools of painting on the Continent, and gave five years more to this thorough preparation. He is now living in the home of the arts, in the midst of the most beautiful galleries in Europe, pursuing his profession with ardor

and with success. The Rev. Dr. Prime, of this city, who paid him a visit in the year 1877, remarks: "His pictures have attracted marked attention at the exhibitions in Paris; his ideals are original; his compositions ingenious, and the work done with such perfection of details as to defy the closest examination."

shirt sleeves display a pair of strong, well-bronzed arms. The man who is looking at the sword is costumed in dark olive-colored velvet breeches and coat, with a scarlet sash about his waist and a white felt hat upon his head. All the details of the picture are carefully and minutely wrought, even to the glass bottle of wine



SELECTING A WEAPON.—AFTER EUGENE MEEKS.

The original of "Selecting a Weapon" is in the collection of the artist's brother, Mr. John Meeks, of New York. As might be expected from one educated at Antwerp, the picture is rich in color, dark in tone, abounding in gray and brown tints, yet sufficiently illuminated by the strong light which streams in from the open door. The floor of the sword-maker's forge is of cool flags of stone, with red bricks around the trap-door; the artisan wears blue stockings and a brown leather apron. The uprolled

on the red lacquered Japanese tray borne by the pretty serving maid. The expression upon the faces of the two men is admirable; one showing a natural anxiety regarding the result of the examination, while the other looks at the blade with close attention. The picture is so full of details that it will bear long and close study.

Mr. Meeks is so well educated in his profession he appears to be able to paint figure pieces, *genre* and landscapes with equal

facility. Among his more recent works are "Ready for the Ball," a beautiful woman, clad in white satin, point lace and tulle, looking at a card fastened to a just-received bouquet; "Dreaming of the Sea," a pretty boy, in a red flannel night-dress, sleeping, folding to his breast a cork boat; "Honeymoon in Venice," a moonlight effect on the Grand Canal, with a happy pair in a gondola being rowed by two stalwart men; "Friar

hibition by a picture called "Little Nell and her Grandfather." Of his pictures owned in New York, Mr. Isaac N. Phelps, of Madison Avenue, possesses "The Secret Missive;" Mr. Thomas Rutter, of Fifth Avenue, "Ready for the Chase;" Gen. Roome, President of the Manhattan Gas Company, "The Doves of Venice;" Gen. Duryea, "The Gossips," while Mr. Henry Whithaus, Mr. White, of Brooklyn, and others, own works from the



COUNT ALMAVIVA AND ROSINA.—AFTER CARL BECKER.

Tuck," a monk rather too fond of his potations; "After the Picnic," a wood interior, with the family carriage rolling down the avenue, while the liveried servants are left to collect the *debris*; "The Amusing Story," a gentleman of the old school reading in his library; "Uncorking his Best," a wine-cellarscene; "Market Scene in Antwerp," a notable picture, showing one side of a plaza, with quaint red buildings, and the street filled with venders of fruit and vegetables.

Mr. Meeks is at the present time engaged in filling a commission for Hon. Milton S. Latham, of San Francisco, who is touring in Europe. He was represented at the Centennial Ex-

same hand. Mr. Meeks is such a well-educated, painstaking, conscientious artist, who is willing to labor and to wait, that there can be no doubt of his success. He is yet a young man.

THE LOAN EXHIBITION.

THE Society of Decorative Art, of the city of New York, organized in 1877, held its second loan exhibition at the National Academy of Design during the months of October and November of 1878. All the galleries of the Academy were filled with

the exhibits, which consisted of paintings, pottery, specimens of oriental art, tapestries, antiques, and examples of the work done by the pupils of the Society of Decorative Art. The latter was especially noticeable for the promise it held for the future in all that relates to decorative art and artistic industries. Much of the pottery decorated by this society was worthy of high praise; some of the embroidery and needlework was excellent, and a number of good screens were exhibited. The arrangement of the exhibits was much better than at the first loan exhibition. The corridor and east rooms were entirely filled with ceramics and tiles, of ancient and modern manufacture, representing the most notable potteries of the world. One small case contained a good exhibit of American porcelain, highly decorated, made at Green Point, Long Island. This is an art industry which in time must be largely developed in the United States. We possess the materials for the production of ceramics in profusion; the skilled workmen alone are wanting. A large and magnificent display of oriental art was made in the north gallery, completely filling that great room. Of course, no European nations can rival China or Japan in the production of porcelain, enameled ware, embroidery, brocaded silks, ivory carvings, bronzes or general decorations. The room devoted to antiques contained cases of ancient jewelry; a large number of miniatures; chests of silverware, much of it made in England during the last century; old embroidery; carved furniture; fire-arms, etc.

Naturally the picture gallery attracted most attention. It was filled with nearly one hundred pictures by the best modern masters of America, England, France, Germany, Italy and Spain. Few of the pictures had ever been exhibited in New York, and all were taken from the private collections of gentlemen in that city. The nationality of the artists represented was as follows: thirty-four were Frenchmen; twenty-two Germans; the same number of Americans; six or eight were Englishmen and the rest were divided between Italy, Spain and Holland. The proportion of German pictures was larger than at any loan exhibition ever held in New York. The noticeable works exhibited by American artists were "New Year's Day in New Amsterdam," by Geo. H. Boughton, owned by Mr. Marshall O. Roberts, a large canvas in his peculiar style, illustrating an incident described in Irving's "Knickerbocker History of New York;" "A Lazy Day in Egypt," by R. Swain Gifford, the property of Miss S. M. Hitchcock; "The Old Hunting Grounds," a delightful wood interior, with white birches in the distance and a decayed birch-bark canoe in the water of the foreground, by W. Whittredge; "In the Woods," a most remarkable prerafaelite work, by W. T. Richards, and a portrait by Benjamin C. Porter, of Boston.

Among the great pictures of the exhibition were "The Slave," by M. Lelor, belonging to Mr. James W. Bell, a powerful work, rich in color, telling a horrible story—a white Circassian slave, with face full of despair and sadness, crouched at the feet of an ugly black Moor, who sits upon a rich divan, his hand resting upon a murderous-looking whip; "The Dancing Lesson," by L. Emile Adan, for spirit, grace, composition, delicacy of coloring and magnificent painting, ranked among the best works in the collection. It belongs to Mr. J. L. Mott. Fortuny was represented by the only portrait he ever painted, if we may accept the statement of Arsène Houssaye, who was Inspector of the Fine Arts under the Empire. This was the wife of a Spanish secretary of embassy at Rome, a beautiful woman, but who was fortunate in having such a master to transfer her features to canvas. It may be doubted if a better-painted portrait has ever been seen in the Academy. Whalberg had a strong picture, "Sunset on the Baltic," glowering in the foreground with the deep shadows of twilight, while the sky presented a wealth of color and prismatic brightness seldom seen on canvas. J. G. Vibert was represented by two of his best works, "The New Clerk," loaned by Mr. Theron R. Butler, and "Painter's Rest," from Mr. J. L. Mott. Hans Makart, of Vienna, who had one of the greatest pictures at the recent Paris Exposition, was represented by two fine works, "The Turkey Seller of Cairo" and "Ancient Egyptian Girl holding an Idol." It is worthy of note, in this connection, that the public authorities would not allow a water-color copy of this artist's Paris picture, "Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp," to be exhibited in New York. The three pictures by J. L. Gérôme were, "Interior of a Persian Inn," from the gallery of Jordan L. Mott; "Molière Breakfasting with Louis XIV. at Versailles," from the collection of James



PULPIT ROCKS.—F. B. SCHELL.

H. Stebbins, and "The Egyptian Conscripts Crossing the Desert," belonging to Mr. Marshall O. Roberts. Each of these are exquisite pictures, worthy of the brush of the master. We are best pleased with the "Interior of a Persian Inn," partly because the subject is quaint and the tone is low, but more from the manner of the painting. The scene is very simple: a man, evidently the guest, is seated upon a basket, before a large, odd, Moorish fire-place, which possesses unknown depths of darkness. This interesting structure is covered with white glazed tiles, containing a pretty blue pattern. It fills the whole corner of the room and reaches to the ceiling. These tiles have been reproduced in a marvelous manner and seem the real thing itself. Similar Persian tiles were on exhibition in the bric-a-brac department. Sitting also by the fire, which shouders on the hearth, is a huge black cat peering into the chimney. A man, in very ragged clothes, evidently the landlord, stands with his back to the fire,



AFTER DINNER. — AFTER ADRIEN MOREAU.

filling his pipe, a long-stemmed instrument of red clay. In the breakfasting picture Louis XIV. sits at one end of a small table, with Molière opposite. Among the nobles present is the crafty cardinal, in blue satin robes, Mazarin, who, with clenched fist and scowling brow, expresses his anger with the young dramatist for daring to sit in the presence of the king. The brilliant robes of the nobles give this picture more color than is usual with Gérôme, and reminds one of the works of Leon y Escosura, the Spanish artist. "Egyptian Conscripts Crossing the Desert," is a large canvas, showing a large number of people, almost a caravan, marching toward the spectator across a vast waste of sand. The dark limbs of the Egyptians, their white robes, the bright costumes of those who have the conscripts in charge, and the clouds of dust in the rear, serve to make a rich and brilliant picture. This is painted with more breadth than is usual with Gérôme. A picture which strongly resembles this one, painted by Mr. Samuel Coleman, and which hung not far from it, is "The Merchants of El Lagonet Crossing the Algerian Desert." The works of these two artists, in this instance, compare favorably with each other. A. Bouguereau had four pictures in this collection, three of which were on large canvases. They were all figure pieces and among this artist's best. A pleasing work is "The Secret," owned by Mr. Robert L. Stuart: two women, who have come to a wayside fountain to draw water, are chatting together, while a nearly nude infant, with round and dimpled limbs, is resting on the curb of a stone trough playing with the water. "Hesitating between Love and Riches" is the most powerful picture of the four. The face and bust of a beautiful young woman are seen, with an old man on her right, offering a casket and holding up a string of pearls. Love, in the form of a young man, stands behind, but it is noticed the face of the maiden is inclined toward him. Mr. James H. Stebbins owns this picture. "At the Bath" represents a life-size nude woman, very beautiful, standing with her feet in a small stream of water, and lifting her golden hair from one side of her face. The study of the human form in this picture is admirable and the flesh painting better than usual. "The Little Marauder" comes from the house of Knoedler & Co., and shows a high wall, from the top of which a woman is taking a little girl. A basket of apples and pears, in the left-hand corner of the foreground, tells the story. A fine engraving, by Jonnard, of this picture appeared in THE ALDINE, Vol. VII., page 327. In all there is the same serenity of expression; the same oval face for the women; the same wax-like, delicate flesh for the children peculiar to Bouguereau. Every artist has his style, and Bouguereau's is very pleasing to Americans. His pictures suggest calmness, purity, innocence, while they do not offend with glaring colors, and are perfect in drawing. Now and then there is a certain flatness about them, and when we compare his flesh with that painted by Fortuny, we see how far short he falls of what is possible with pigments and canvas. Other works in this notable collection embraced small military pieces by the French artists, Edouard Détaille, A. de Neuville and E. Berne-Bellecour; two works by E. Nicol, an English artist, and two by Mr. William Hunt; "At his Devotions," by E. Grützner; "Ariadne," by H. Merle; cattle pieces by Van Marcke; "The Veil Dance," from Mr. Henry Hilton's collection, by E. Richter; "Water Nymph," by Hagborn; "The Approaching Storm," by Andreas Achenbach, and "Waiting for the Queen," by Leon y Escosura. —Fuller-Walker.

THE PRIZE OF PARIS.

IT is with pleasure we return to an idea expressed by THE ALDINE some two or three years ago, upon the subject of establishing at New York a Prize of Paris, to be given to the student who shows those qualities which would be improved by a residence of three or more years abroad. THE ALDINE then spoke of it as something necessary and important to education in art, with the hope of forming a school which may be properly called an American school, as America is not yet recognized as possessing one at the present day. These students returning home, year after year, continuing their labors, surrounded by the influences of home life, home landscape and customs, would in the course of time build, upon the solid education received, the structure of a genuine school. All schools are formed by foreign travel and study of the best masters of other countries, who have

trod the road before them, and whose works are cherished by their various powers in museums throughout their states. We are pleased to return to this subject, as it is understood that, at last, this idea has taken root and is about growing into a tree that will bear good fruit. As the subject so nearly interests artists of the future, it is not strange that the first steps should be taken by artists, who thereby show a patriotism worthy of all eulogy and support. But that those artists should be those abroad, who are now experiencing the benefit of foreign study, is still more praiseworthy, proving them to possess hearts in the right place, which in the midst of their studies permits them to think of a pressing need of their country and the coming generation of young painters for whom they would desire to smooth the pathway, which, if broad and free from stumbling-blocks, is a long and weary one enough. The American artists in Paris recently met to talk over the proposition, and appointed a committee to devise means to bring about its consummation.

An author, wishing to produce a work of history, consults the national libraries in every country for documents of authenticity, for it is too plain that he can not invent his history; but he gathers the material and dresses it in the language of his imagination. A painter, before calling himself an artist, must learn the grammar of art. And it is precisely that that is lacking in America; for we have nowhere to learn it—no masters, no museums for research, no authority—and it is to Europe we must turn to educate those who are blessed with the means of going there, and to our people to find some way to insure a steady sending of youths to the art centre of Europe, as do those of Europe to Rome. Every great nation sustains a school at Rome or Florence, to which are sent those students who have gained the prize known as the Prize of Rome or Florence. Educated, intelligent people may say there is no reason for such a thing. We have trees, rocks, sky, water, everything necessary to produce a landscape—what else do students need? The question would be natural, and put as an unanswerable one. We respond that, first, the student has need to be taught to see. Any honest, serious student of art will admit that at the commencement he was totally blind. He had seen as well as his untutored sight would permit him, until some master guided him to light. Yes, we have rocks, waters, sky, mountains—more beautiful, perhaps, than any other country, notwithstanding all the ink and paper wasted to the contrary—a glorious wealth for the future landscapist. If our painters see, why have we not, with all this spreading wealth of subject, produced a Rousseau, a Corot, Daubigny, Turner, Constable, Duprè, Troyon or a Whalberg? There is but one answer: they still suffer natural blindness, and have not yet learned the grammar, which is only to be learned abroad. Put a brush and color into the hands of the most intelligent amateur—one capable of drawing a little, who thinks he sees perfectly, and let him, unaided, paint the simplest of out-of-door aspects. Place his production by the side of any sketch from the hands of any one of the above-mentioned masters, and the amateur's labored production will have the appearance of either a piece of wall-paper, or as if painted with rich-colored sweetmeats; but in no respect possessing any natural color. We say nothing of the beauty of lines, of composition, of light and shade, of manipulation. Beauty of handling is personal to the artist, and is the result of long and wearisome study. Few attain it; but it is the language of the painter's art, and justly ranks with the beautiful language of a Tennyson, a Longfellow, a Dickens or a Thackeray, with which they array the same thought or the same scene as another poet who fails to touch the ear for lack of music in his rhymes. In the eyes of connoisseurs this language is of more importance than the subject. They say there is "nothing new under the sun:" he who paints the subject the best—that is, he whose manner is most beautiful to the eye, the most original in treatment while natural, for the eye delights in beauty of execution as the ear is charmed by harmony of sounds—that work is the most precious. We as a people ignore the value of this quality. Our artists are but now commencing to appreciate, and correct lamentable ignorance by educating themselves first.

We are sure that not one in a thousand appreciate good works at their proper value, though we are among the best buyers of works of art, and willingly pay large prices for the possession of a work by some celebrated master. The fact that it must be signed by a well-known name, which is our only guarantee that



LIGHT AND SHADOW.—M. W. RIDLEY.

the work is worth possessing, proves that as a people we know nothing of its value. Who dares to purchase the work of an unknown name? Though it possess the most superior qualities of poet thinker and finished artist, intellectual beauty of mind and

hand must be scraped off the canvas if not accompanied by a known name, and its space occupied by tantalizing imitations of pickles, ham, cheese and beer for the *salle à manger* of some gourmand, the gratification of whose stomach is a surer "open

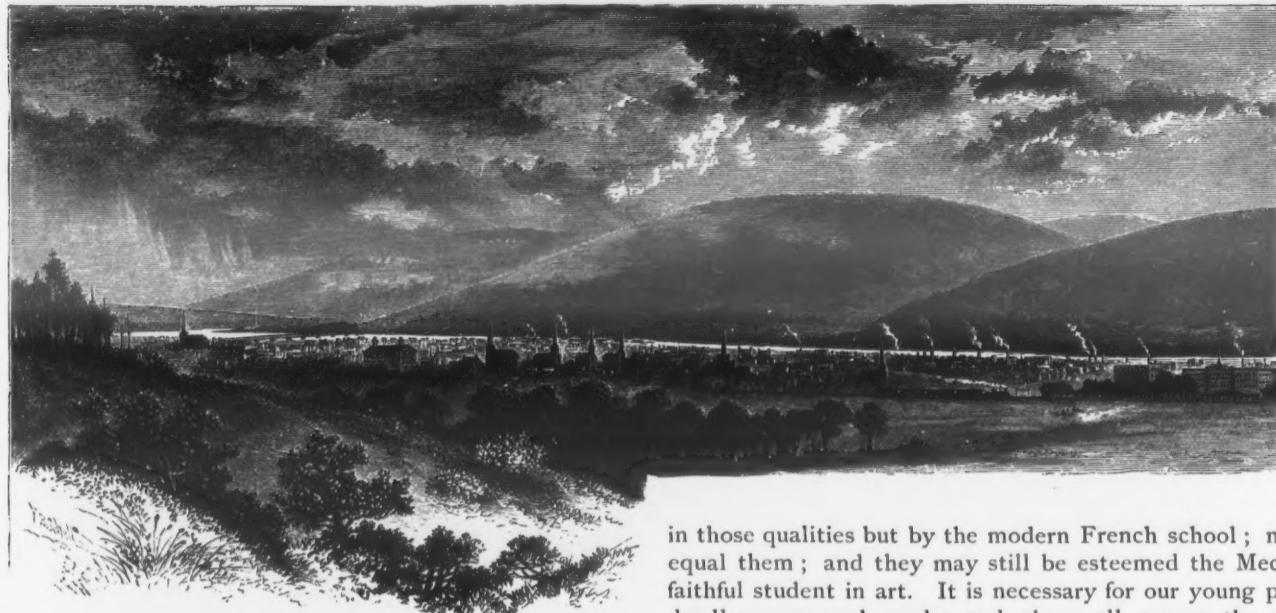


PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—M. W. RIDLEY.

sesame" to his purse than the appeal to intellect. And yet each one of that thousand will profess to know all about art. He has eyes; he can see for himself! No one claims to hear perfectly when partially deaf; but to be partially blind with his eyes wide

open—how absurd! It is to correct that partial blindness that we urge the establishment of such a prize.

Secondly, the student has need to be taught to work in the right way; to learn the language, so to speak, of the painter's



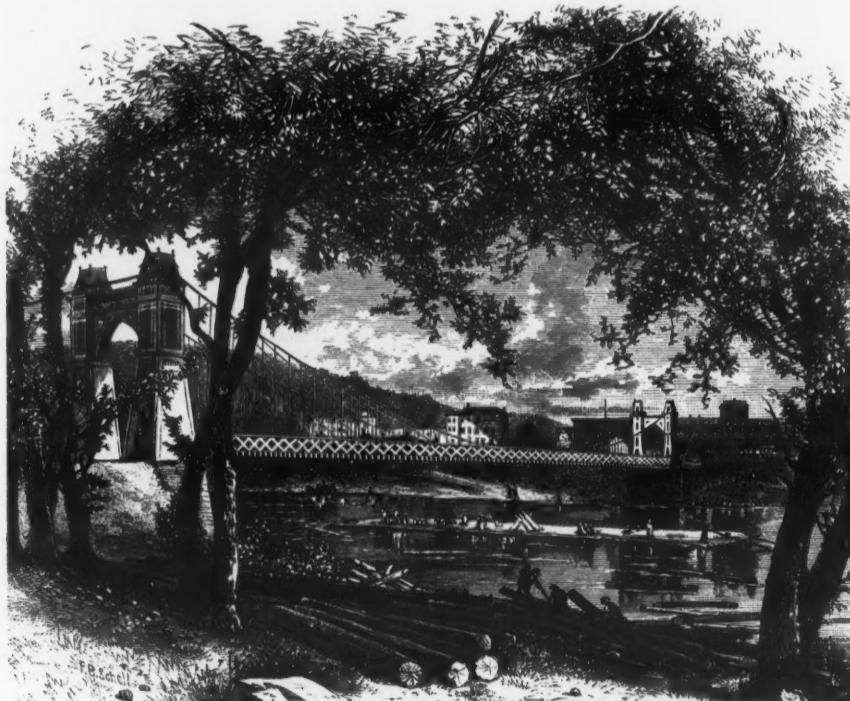
WILLIAMSPORT.—F. B. SCHELL.

art as thoroughly as his faculties will permit. The need of such education is apparent when we state that among all our artists in all the States there are not as many good painters, *i. e.*, linguists in the art, as one has fingers on his right hand. An intelligent but knowing look at the American section in the Exhibition in Paris reveals the fact that all the works possessing any merit whatever are due to foreign education and study; and they are but few. This quality can not be estimated too highly; it is second only to thought, which embodies ideas and makes of the subject-matter a page of history or a poem. All of the masters mentioned are powerful in their mannerisms; yet their several manners is simplicity—the rapid sweep of brush or knife is worth a thousand stippled efforts. Some of the modern still-life painters far surpass all predecessors in force, body, color and manner; yet all are simple to such a degree that a novice would, at sight, profess his ability of doing likewise—but what chagrin follows his attempt! Many of the ancient painters are valuable only for their manner—those of Teniers and his school, for example—and as specimens of their epoch; but they are surpassed by several of the modern French school, in which simplicity and strength of handling are the result of a perfect knowledge of the

in those qualities but by the modern French school; none other equal them; and they may still be esteemed the Mecca to the faithful student in art. It is necessary for our young painters to dwell among such works, and, above all, among the authors of those marvelous modern ones—where life food is plenty, where a feast is continually spread to be partaken of at will by the hungry; and until this is done systematically we shall never possess a school of American art. Many will justly cite such and such a painter, who went abroad and returned with no apparent benefit. Young men now go at will. Many have not the slightest knowledge of drawing even, and probably no capacity for becoming artists. It is not wonderful that they return, after a stay of a year or two, almost as they went; but they certainly gained, by going, a better knowledge of art than they could amass in a life time at home. But with a young man sent as a "prize student" it must be entirely different, for the prize is not obtained without first proving himself the best in drawing, composition and painting; in fact, the most capable of the competing youths, he starts with a knowledge of his art that can not fail of being improved rapidly by study among masters.

We will endeavor to show that the nation at large would be greatly benefited by the establishment of such a prize. The student gaining the Prize of Paris would be under similar rules to those of the Beaux Arts, at Paris, which requires that its *pensionnaires* send, each year of their stay, a copy of some old master (previously designated) and original work to show the state of progress. In this way the nation or city becomes possessed of copies of the fast-disappearing celebrated work of ancient schools, and in this way forms the museums so necessary to public education; and to the cities, in a financial view, a great saving of money, as it has been known before now that city councils or governments have paid thousands for works called ancient, but which are only passable copies. It is impossible to estimate the importance of such an institution too highly. In the first place, it becomes the starting-point, the first word in the history of the American School of Fine Arts and art applied to industries. Why should not all made things be artistic and elegant? Costing no more than the inelegant, it needs only general art culture. England lately has made large progress, vast strides, since the establishment of the South Kensington Museum and school for the teaching of art applicable to industry. It is visible in all her productions, and the revenue of France shows a decrease of several millions per year—for us one of the most potent arguments in favor of establishing such a prize. The winning pictures, succeeding each other year after year, become the history of the national growth in art. They are truly such to France; those Prix de Rome—including many celebrated names in painting—are so many sounding years; a great historical work, its first page written two hundred years ago. Involuntarily one dreams before them, as he might before the obelisks or the

Pyramids, but with greater profit. We can not hope to possess immediately the great advantages of the schools sustained by Government, which send, each year, two students in painting



WARREN.—F. B. SCHELL.

subject they treat, and perfect skill as draughtsmen, which was not the case with most of the ancient schools. We remark here, to the honor of the ancient painters, that they are not surpassed

to Rome, one in sculpture, one in architecture and one in music. The Government also sustains at Rome a national school, to which are sent its students, and which awards prizes for landscape composition, for anatomy, for perspective and composition.

American people are not real lovers of art. They try hard to persuade themselves the contrary. Those who do esteem it justly are a very small minority; while in France not a year passes without important donations and bequests to art and letters, just as in America they donate to some church, a clergyman, an asylum, known or unknown—to anything but to confer a lasting benefit upon their country in promoting its growth in art, music and literature. We read of a deacon of some little church who received a letter asking "to whose order should a check be drawn, in case any one desired to benefit the church?" The deacon replied, and received a check for \$25,000. It is a pity that that generous soul did not think of our Academy of Design, and address to them that question! The interest of that sum would send abroad one student the first year and another the following, keep them there, and at the expiration of their terms send others. But there are no doubt other souls as generous—certainly there are in "Gotham" five righteous men.

We shall show in another article means and ways whereby this benefit may be accomplished. In the mean time we beg the wealthy, the rich corporations and institutions, to think over the idea, and determine a plan to endow a prize which may bear their name to an honorable posterity.

—John S. Davis.

NORTHWESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

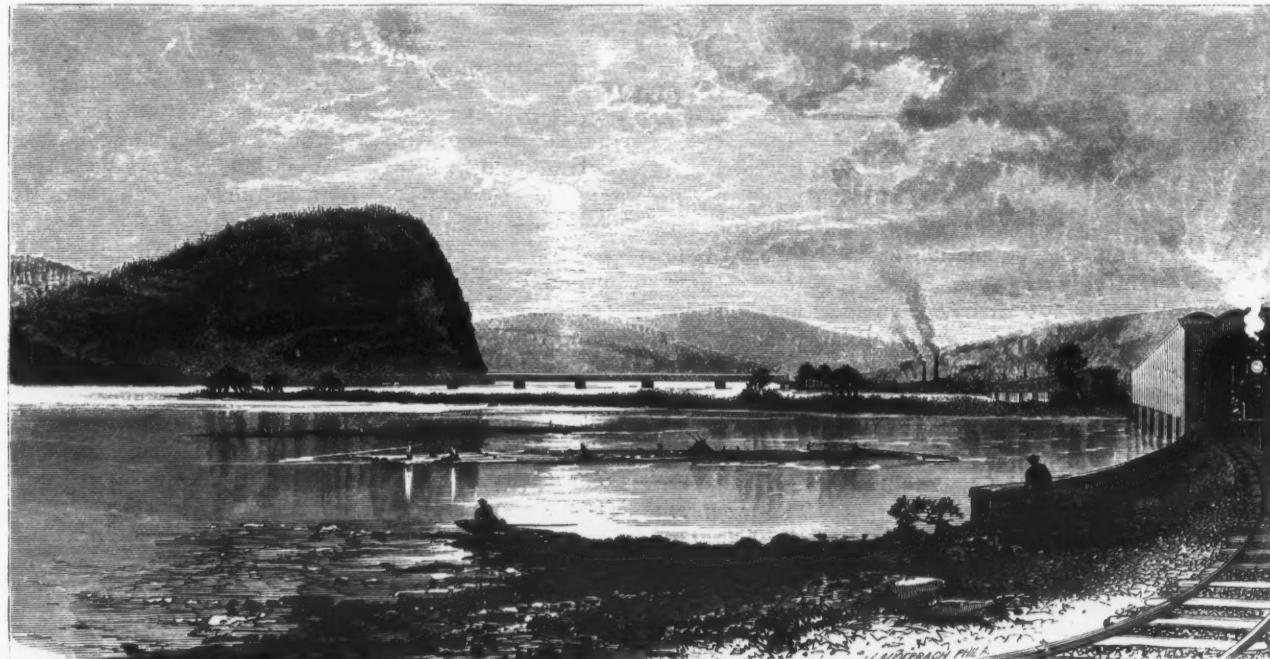
A MORE interesting section of country for the artist or tourist can hardly be found than the northwestern section of the great State of Pennsylvania. Taking the cars of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad at Sunbury, the capital of Northumberland County, almost in the geographical centre of the State, and traveling northwesterly to the city of Erie, on the shore of Lake Erie, one will have a run of two hundred and eighty-eight miles through a succession of romantic and picturesque scenery, combining enchanting rivers with bold mountains, lovely valleys and frowning crags, thriving cities and pretty towns. Nor is this section of the country devoid of historical interest, for it was the scene during colonial and revolutionary times of many gallant and sanguinary contests with Indians, the French and the English. For many miles this railway runs through the valley of the Susquehanna, the hunting-ground in other days of the various tributary tribes



BELOW RENOVO.—F. B. SCHELL.

to the confederacy of the Six Nations. The seat of their vice-royalty was at our starting-point, the place where the town of Sunbury now stands. Here Shikellimus, a Cayuga chief, presided over his Indian vassals, and here his son Logan, "the Mingo chief," was born. During the revolution some of the patriotic people of this distant section of the country marched to Boston to join the American army concentrating there.

There are many rivers and creeks in Northumberland County, such as the Shamokin, Mahanoy, Mahantongo, Warrior's and Chillisquaque, which deserve the attention of artists during their summer vacations. The passage of these through the closely locked mountain ranges carves out many striking vistas. The town of Sunbury is situated on a plain bordering the left bank of the Susquehanna River, immediately below the junction of the west and north branches, a graphic illustration of these two rivers being herewith given. The surrounding scenery is strikingly grand—high, precipitous bluffs rising above the plain, and overlooking the magnificent river, which is here a mile wide. The salubrity of the atmosphere, the purity of the water, the fertility of the adjacent country and the beauty of the landscape, all combine to render this one of the most delightful sections of the Keystone State. The town of Northumberland, which is but two miles from the scene of our illustration, is noted in scientific history as the place of residence and death of Dr. Joseph Priestly, the discoverer of oxygen gas, and a principal founder of the



JUNCTION OF THE WEST AND NORTH BRANCHES OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.—F. B. SCHELL.

modern school of chemistry. On the 1st of August, 1874, the "Centennial of Chemistry" was celebrated in this place, many of the most distinguished scientists in America taking part in the very interesting proceedings.

Forty miles from our starting-point the thriving and beautiful city of Williamsport is reached, the seat of justice of Lycoming County. An admirable representation of this great inland business centre is given, the most important place on the Susquehanna River. The city was laid out in 1795 by a German named Michael Ross, who owned the land. The plan of the town was well designed, embracing wide, straight streets, and generous donations of land for public purposes. This liberality has caused the place to develop into a city of unsurpassed attractiveness. Every requisite of city comfort and convenience has been introduced. An abundant supply of the purest and best water is brought from mountain streams; gas is liberally used for public and private purposes; many of its principal streets are paved with wood, affording delightful drives; street railways are in operation; and to these may be added well-stocked markets, superior facilities for intercourse with the surrounding country,

Eighteen miles from Renovo the village of Round Island is located, near which stand the gigantic Pulpit Rocks, shown in the illustration. There is a picturesque waterfall of a height of twenty-four feet, near by, and all the scenery in this region is bold and beautiful. Flying onward with the wings of steam, eighty-three miles from Renovo, or one hundred and ninety-three from Sunbury, the large and elegant Thomson House, at Kane, comes into view. This settlement was established about the time of the completion of the railway, on a large tract of land owned by the family of Judge Kane of Philadelphia. The country surrounding it on all sides is covered with a luxuriant growth of hemlock timber, and abounds in limpid streams and springs. These wide-extending forests are the homes of deer and all varieties of forest game found in Northern Pennsylvania, while the waters are stocked with mountain trout, rendering the region highly attractive to sportsmen. To meet the requirements of these, and to entertain the many visitors seeking a pleasant and salubrious resort in summer, the Thomson House, named after the late president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, has been erected, capable of accommodating four hundred guests. It



THOMSON HOUSE, KANE.—F. B. SCHELL.

and lovely scenery, all combining to make it a delightful place of residence or sojourn. This city contains twenty-nine churches, an academy of music, an opera house, six public halls, twelve banks, six good hotels, colleges, schools, etc., and has within its limits Herdic Park. It is a large manufacturing place, having fifty steam saw-mills in operation, iron works, and numerous factories of various kinds. The population is not far from twenty thousand, and constantly increasing.

After a pleasant ride by rail from Williamsport for a distance of fifty-two miles, the flourishing town of Renovo is found, a pretty view of the valley below being shown in the picture. This borough owes its origin and growth to the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, the mechanical operations of which are centered here. It is built in an oval-shaped valley about a mile and a half in length, formed by a division of the mountains, through which the river flows in a smooth and transparent current. The mountain on the south side of the valley rises abruptly to the height of more than a thousand feet, while that on the north is of equal altitude, both being densely wooded to their summits with pine and hemlock, giving them a softness and sombreness of outline peculiar to these perennial forests. A number of summer visitors resort to this place for health and pleasure. The town has three churches, eleven public schools, a hall, good hotel, etc.

stands in the midst of a park of one thousand acres, at an elevation of more than two thousand feet above the level of the ocean. Smooth, dry roads lead through the resinous forests, affording cool and healthy drives. The wide piazzas of the hotel command extensive views. The town contains four churches, two public halls and several hotels.

A little less than thirty miles onward toward Lake Erie is the town of Warren, shown in the picture, with its suspension bridge across the Alleghany River. It is the seat of justice of Warren County, and occupies a pleasing situation at the junction of the Conewango with the Alleghany River. The country in the vicinity of this town was at one time occupied by the Seneca Indians, and the chief of that tribe, Ga-nio-di-euh (Handsome Lake) was the unrelenting foe of Americans, fighting against them at the defeat of Braddock, at the massacres in Wyoming Valley, and during the French and Revolutionary wars. He died at the age of one hundred and five years, near the town of Warren. This town is now in a highly prosperous condition, and offers many attractions to tourists. It has eight churches, three banks, public halls, etc., and the State has built in its immediate vicinity an asylum for the insane on a scale of unsurpassed magnitude and excellence. A run of sixty miles from Warren closes the tour at Erie, on the shore of the great lake.



THE WATERING-PLACE.—THOMAS MORAN.